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Thirty Sonnets of Passion

EMMET PENDLETON

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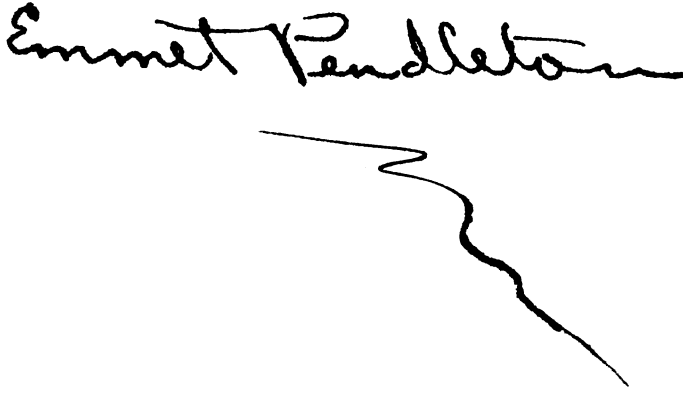

Thirty Sonnets of Passion

BY

EMMET PENDLETON

author of

"Twenty Sonnets to California"

RED BLUFF, CAL.
WM. M. ALLEN
1913

Univ. of California

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MAIN

FOREWORD

The title of this collection of sonnets is somewhat misleading in that the word "passion" does not express the entire meaning that is wished to be conveyed to the reader. Its meaning is more than that of worldly emotions; it contains the thought of a loving soul brimful of pleasure, the highest idealism of friendship, a soaring freedom from the mediocrity of life. Volumes and volumes have been written on the subject of love, but yet, as love is so universal, volumes still can be written and enjoyed, so I feel I am not overburdening the subject with my few atoms of thoughts, and take this privilege to publish these sonnets in my appreciation of the feminine.

To my friends, who may read these pages, I wish to state, that I would prefer they would attach no significance of their contents with my life. I know that there is a streak of curiosity in the world, and such no doubt would add an interest to

the poems. I have lived them, yes each of them, and my sympathetic nature made me feel each word, but I lived them as any poet does his writings, in that vast world of imagination.

Emmet Pendleton

Red Bluff, California,

June 21, 1912

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I

TO MY LOVE

My dear one, can't you hear the wood-dove coo
  Unto his mate on yonder greenwood hill,
  And break the calm of eventide so still
With declarations of his love so true?
My dear one, oh, if you but only knew
  The tender, longing passions that thus fill
  His heart, your entire being would so thrill
With love, your very soul would burn in you.
I feel it all. My being, too, does cry
  The same; deep buried feelings are set free;
    I worry not; your eyes display a glow
Of promise, so my heart in joy leaps high;
  I am so happy that I ache in glee,
    I know you feel it all, I know you know.

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II

TO LOVE IN MAY

Oh, what's so lovely, love, as love in May
When all the year is fresh and in its prime,
When Nature is all budding forth sublime
With newborn feelings, surging blithe and gay,
When everything that's joyous does hold sway
And rules and sweeps away the Winter's slime,
When birds all sing and praise the joyous time?
Oh, what's so lovely, love, as love in May?
Each bird has mated now and builds a nest,
Each tree is blossoming its fruit to bear,
Each seed is sprouting, starting life anew,
Each cloud reverts to earth to do its best,
And Nature rules all with a mother's care,
So why should I not tell my love to you?

III

TO SWEET CONTENT

She taught to me the beauties of the night,
The romance of the morning hours tranquil,
When all the mighty city slumbers still,
So still in fading rays of pale moonlight,
She showed me grandeur in the faint starlight,
Whose twinkling mission seemed so bent to fill
My entire being with a rapt'rous thrill,
To live and thus enjoy the wond'rous sight.
It was a lesson truly worth the while,
To know that sweet content was bliss, to find
A pleasure in the cool night air, and give
Response, to let the time pass o'er the dial
With only one great thought upon the mind,
To live, to live, to live and love to live.

IV

TO A SWEETHEART

I ponder o'er some sweetheart letters dear,
Before the fire-place's burning ember glow,
And with relentless fascination slow
Burn them to end a by-gone-day career;
The burning words, that I once thought sincere,
So heat my burdened mind to not allow
My false forsaken love to lay alow,
And soothe my passions, now a parchness sear.
Those letters were to me a great delight,
That carved themselves deep down into my heart,
And breathed the gentle breath of perfect love;
But circumstances came and struck with might
Our loves asunder, and has caused the smart
To stop the cooing of the turtle dove.

V

TO PLEASURE

Since reasons for our life we can not say,
  Know not why we came here, or why we go,
  Or why a loadstone burden bends us low,
Why not let gentle winds cast far away
Those memories that haunt of yesterday,
  And truly live to let the red wine flow
  To drown ambition's tendril, that would grow,
And spoil another sweet enjoyment gay?
Real pleasure is so sweet, so scarce, so dear;
  Each moment's filled with some exertion great
    To make our joy in atoms to be found;
And while our mind should be in calm sincere,
  We rush in the unkown at such a rate,
    To lose the little joy that lies around.

VI

TO A MEMORY

It now seems but a dream dreamt one Spring night,
That time when nature bursts all forth anew,
So fresh and joyous in the year's first dew,
And thrills ambition by her glorious sight,
When we, ah we, with buoyant feelings light,
So idly wander'd where the wild flow'rs grew,
And whisper'd loving words no one e'er knew,
And felt our hearts so charmed in true delight.
Sweet memory, so bitter and so harsh,
All that I now have left this winter day,
Will you forsake me as quick fleeting Youth,
Leave me so deep in cruel Despond's marsh?
Since all in Nature must in time decay,
Are you like it? I'd like to know, forsooth!

VII

TO TELEPATHY

I so enjoy to live when you're near me;
My blood flows so much warmer through its vein,
My heart beats fast with palpitations fain
To animate my being truly free;
My thoughts rush on in wildest kind of glee,
And bring real joy, again and yet again.
And why all this? I ask but not in vain.
I find our souls vibrate in harmony.
But ah, to-morrow, when our ways must part,
For Fate gave you a lonely mountain peak
And left the heated desert sands to me,
But there's one solace for my breaking heart,
While I'm with those who never of you speak,
Telepathy will aid my memory.

VIII

TO SWEETHEART DAYS

In restaurants amid a jolly cheer,
I often ate with you, my pretty girl,
While fervent passions deep my heart would dirl
Without a fear, then with attentive ear
Could nothing hear, but whisper'd love words dear,
That caused my laden spirit to unfurl
Expressions of my brain in dizzy whirl,
Until we knew not morning's hours so near.
But those were sweetheart days. Another now
Is dear to you and we are far apart;
Yet good, our thoughtless way gave model fine
To that unmindful populace who know
Naught else but clatter accusations smart,
And follow in the degradation line.

IX

TO BACCHUS

Ye, son of Semele, ye god of wine,
Who on a lynx about the world does flee
Declaring peace and making all carefree,
Oh, let me kneel and worship at your shrine.
Accept with love this ivy twig of mine,
A gift so small to you, but yet to me
So much; entwine it in your crown with glee
In sweet remembrance, mighty god divine.
You'r worthy of my homage, Bacchus great;
For what would this existance be without
That peace and joy in which you do abound?
The drudg'ry of it all one ne'er could state,
If we could not enjoy a merry bout;
So always with Bacchanals I'll be found.

X

TO A KISS

Caressingly I pressed her to my breast,
Ashamed to think how thoughtless I had been,
And tremblingly I whispered all my sin;
My entire degradation I confessed.
And she, so pure, with godliness so blessed,
Forgave; our hearts beat wild in joyous din,
And tears soon fled to let the love-light in;
We kissed, and for the moment found sweet rest,
The time was short, but yet within that time
An age was lived, great mighty worlds were made,
A past, so dark and harsh, was swept away;
The earth was made a heaven quite sublime,
And I felt hope and faith would never fade,
Since Eros' mighty power thus held sway.

XI

TO A WOMAN

She's just a woman with a shriveled soul,
Who lives so lonely the unhappy days,
And looks upon the world in selfish gaze,
Through beaded eyes of the secluded mole;
Her mind is fixed for just one purpose sole,
To change to godliness her mundane ways,
So she can pluck the sweet Eternal lays
Upon a harp. To me it is so droll!
I truly pity her with all my heart,
To think she is so centered all in self,
To let her hours in idleness beguile,
And in the worldly scheme not take a part,
To help encourage, and cut down the pelf,
And make our living truly worth the while.

XII

TO A DREAM

I'm thinking, dear, of you as hours go by,
These long and tiresome hours when I am through
With day's hard work and have naught else to do
But dream, and dream; and with a moisten'd eye,
And with a soul that does for freedom cry,
I picture all the hours I spent with you,
And planned our lives with loving words so true,
But such was not to be. I heave a sigh.
My wishes are wherever you may be,
That you are happy, dear, in sweet content,
Enjoying days without a single strife,
And of the tiresome world of cares are free,
That Time your loveliness will never rent;
I would not have one thing mar your dear life.

XIII

TO A SICK FRIEND

Why can our spirits not fly far away,
  These muchly treasured so called souls take flight,
  And drifting in the arms of Somnus light,
Thus leave this weak infested chunk of clay?
For here affliction taunts us day by day,
  While fever wastes us to a hoary sight,
  And melts the life and clay together tight,
Until the promised hope grows dim and gray.
But yet, the Potter is so good and just;
  He loves his children with a heart so dear,
    Oh, burning sarcasm! He made the world,
To fill some clay with animated lust,
  Then left us blinded with a saddened tear,
    To end a bursting bubble madly hurl'd.

XIV

TO A MAIDEN

She seemed to me as sweetest eglantine,
A dainty flower fresh with Springtime's dew,
So beaming in the rarest beauties true,
And qualities so very superfine;
That to give voice as thus I should decline,
For I could never state in words so few
The pleasures of the moment that I knew,
Because the poets part was never mine.
Howe'er the bush has thorns. This dainty flower
Is favored with a well protected life,
But yet, perhaps, some one with heart so free,
In knowing way can pluck it from its bower
Unheeding of a struggle or a strife,
But such, I feel was never meant for me.

XV

TO A FRIEND

So happy did we meet upon that train,
As if by Providence, you will agree,
And surely happy have we been; so we
While looking on our sorrows in disdain,
The good old friendship dram can fully drain
So that we happy thus may part in glee,
With happy hopes that circumstance will be,
That we shall very happy meet again.
Because we lived in San Francisco dear,
And had a mutual acquaintance there,
Although the time is short that I've known you,
It seems we have been friends from year to year,
And as we part you have God's speed in prayer,
With hope our friendship lasts our whole life through.

XVI

TO EXISTENCE

We come, we go, yet we do not know how,
The griefs, regrets, of yesterday give thought,
With which our overladen minds are wrought,
And add unto that strife, to which we bow
To-day in servitude with hopes to sow
To-morrow, when light's halo glimmers naught
Than that dear future satisfaction sought
In vainly cherished hopes in what we grow.
So fill a brimming cup with pleasure's wine
And drink quite deeply for it is but strife,
That haunts our joys each day until we find,
Existence is a movement of great time,
That comes and goes, and truly makes this life
Be to all else but now, the present, blind.

XVII

TO A FRIEND

How few of all the million people here,
That live so scattered all about this earth,
Can speak one's name in sadness or in mirth,
Or know of one in just acquaintance mere;
How few acquaintances do prove sincere,
So each may last forever from its birth,
And with a great distinction gain the girth,
That joins each other as true friends sincere.
One's true friends are so few. Should one want more?
The universal ways do not demand
So many. Yet stay by those that are true,
For there are pleasing pleasures quite galore
To grasp these few so tightly by the hand,
And feel the pulse of friendship strong and true.

XVIII

WITH FLOWERS AT COMMENCEMENT

Those dear sweet peas are still held dear by me,
Which you gave me upon my concert night,
That now with joy I choose sweet williams white
Not merely as an act of courtesy,
For manner's sake without a heart-felt glee,
But hope to bring to you a gladness bright,
And make your soul as quite extremely light
As I was so o'ercome by each sweet pea.
Since now that you commence on life's long way,
I truly wish it were within my power
To help diminish all that irksome strife,
That you will find a-front you day by day,
By plucking thus in all the world each flower
To spread before you on your path of life.

XIX

TO A WALTZ

It was such joy! I could not other deem
Than it was fairyland of magic spell;
I felt her arm on mine, a soft faint smell
Of perfume waft me off into a dream;
I saw within her dark brown eyes a gleam
That told a story words could never tell,
And caused the passion of my soul to swell;
So thus we danced a most enchanting theme.
She knew that for the instant she was mine,
That I belonged to her; the world knew naught,
For it in harshest cruelty had sieved
Our past with an attention superfine,
And drove off hope. No future could be wrought.
So for the moments of that waltz we lived.

XX

TO THE WINE

The wine seems redder now than e'er before,
  One dampened kiss would never satisfy
  My heart's desire, so I thus truly try
To drown you in sweet kisses quite galore,
And hug you tighter, kissing you still more;
  For there's a fiercest passion in your eye,
  The animal, that staunchly does defy
The world, and makes me you with love adore.
You're mine! You're mine! My heart so wildly beats,
  For the red wine electrifies my brain
    And dazzles me with joy; yet I know this,
We live in love; so what if old Time fleets
  In flying moments, since we live so fain,
    So happy, oh, so happy in this bliss.

XXI

TO A SNAKE

I felt his breath upon my fevered cheek,
His flesh was cold on mine. His naked arm
Encircled me. My passion had its barm.
His eye revealed a glowing brutal streak.
An eye that once was truthful and so meek.
Methought, could those sharp fangs of poison harm
Me any? Then I trembled with alarm!
Of my fierce agonies I should not speak.
How hard I tried to cut off from that wrong,
That vampire, who had lived on blood from me,
The degradation that did so annoy,
And caused such horrid thoughts my brain to throng,
But mighty courage finally set me free.
And, oh, this freedom how I do enjoy.

XXII

TO A SYLPH

How I would like to drift on yonder cloud,
Be carried far off from this toilsome land,
Be first at morning time of all the band
To get Aurora's kiss, to be allow'd
To rove the skies all day a king so proud,
And then at eventide by winds be fann'd
Into the west to see those splendors grand
With which the great Apollo is endow'd.
But when the rains did come and set me free,
For this dear earth must have the warm Spring showers,
What then, ah me, what then would be my lot?
As second choice a fairy I would be,
To live contented with the ferns and flowers
That grow secluded in some garden spot.

XXIII

TO THE SOUL OF A ROSE

Why throw the rose into the angry flame
So thoughtlessly, to utterly destroy
A thing that made your heart so thrill with joy,
Because its beauty now is not the same
As once? But oh, the rose is not to blame
That dawn of youth, which pleases us to toy,
Must change to snarly age to thus annoy.
That Time's keen scythe must cut and make life tame.
Oh, can a soul lose its celestial light,
When it so shows the wear of Time's deep worth
Of mundane toil to make appearance droll?
For me cremation, I believe, is right,
But let the rose decay into the earth,
Regenerate another flower's soul.

XXIV

TO MY CIGARETTE GIRL

From this dear pleasure I could ne'er redeem
  Myself, if I posessed a giant's might,
  For this aroma makes an eremite
To joy of me and wafts to lands of dream,
Where true imagination reigns supreme,
  To those far lands beyond the stars' faint light,
  That ne'er reflect the cares of earthly light,
And only of sweet rest and joy do gleam.
But, ah, to-night one pleasure is amiss,
  The cigarette does not my passions greet
    As once in curls and whirls of smoke so blue.
What makes this change? Why not the old-time bliss?
  Your kiss is gone that made the savor sweet;
    So in remembrance now I smoke to you.

XXV
WITH CANDY

In Mount Olympus' palace of the Great,
  Surrounded by the clouds of fleecy down,
  With nectar sweet they washed ambrosia down
Contentedly at night while hours grew late;
They there of only joy did contemplate,
  Each free and happy as a joyous clown,
  And on the sordidness of life would frown;
For they loved happiness, their only fate.
I wish these sweets were sweet ambrosia rare,
  And unto you an endless joy present,
    Much like the gods found in their favored mess,
To cause you to forget the daily snare,
  By which, one finds, is Life so often rent,
    And give a good long life of happiness.

XXVI

TO A PICTURE

It's just a common picture of a girl,
  But yet no common girl, here let me state,
  For I could ne'er let one thus underrate
A person, rare as perfect deep-sea pearl.
Her beaming face and each familiar curl
  Recall that happy time I did relate
  My love, and hoped she'd be my life-long mate;
How sacred was my promise to that girl.
  But that dark angel of the Stygian brink
    Took her away, a candle in a gust,
I mourned. The Lord should take those black with sin,
The good will better things, thus did I think.
  So godly pure, a great reward she must
    Have ta'en, for it could not have other been.

XXVII

TO EROS

Methinks you're not as blind as you appear,
  But have, forsooth, disguised your wily port,
  To make Life's Way seem honest for your sport
And be amused in what we think sincere;
If blind, why shoot so straight without a fear,
  For we are unprotected 'gainst your fort,
  And must succumb unto whatever sort
You shoot, if it be lead or gold so dear
Oh, son of Venus, ruler of Love's Glen,
  'Tis you that adds the essence to our Fate,
    For in your hand is placed the guiding rein
Of all the world; you rule the hearts of men;
  So deeply think, and wisely contemplate
    To justly rule, dear Eros, while you reign.

XXVIII

TO SLEEP

I'm drifting, drifting off to slumber-land,
Unto those distant realms where Somnus rules,
And with a magic poppy-scepter cools,
And lulls the anguished mind in manner bland:
By mighty columns made of horn so grand,
With fiercest care in worthy words he duels,
Of truest wisdom of the Lethian schools,
Of sleepy pleasures of his foreign strand.
And oh, what happiness is in it all,
For soon, so soon dear dreams I'm sure to dream,
For it's with such that sweetest sleep is blest,
So in fair dreams I'll hear your loving call,
And see your amorous eyes with sparkles gleam;
It will be joy, and in true peace we'll rest.

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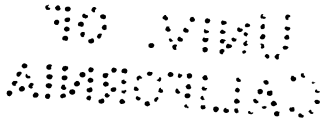
XXIX

TO A FRIEND IN THE SOUTHLAND

I see the orange and the pepper tree,
The jacaranda with its clust'rous bloom
The palm, and smell acacia's quaint perfume,
Behold hibiscus flow'rs. I dream and see
The earth at rest in calm tranquility
In noonday's heating sun, and I presume
How happy I would be to 'gain resume
That life of happy days so good to me.
And in it all I see one face and hear
One voice. It is your face. It is your voice.
They beckon on to dream's eternity.
And I dream happily of hours so dear
Dream on and on without another choice.
It's grand to dream! My dreams are worlds to me.



XXX

TO SOME FRIENDS

We met and, oh, how happy have we been!
  But now the Sage of Time says we must part.
  Oh, argue not, in grace we must depart
Upon our ways, despite the great chagrin
That makes all life a dream in sadden din.
  Yet it is hard to meet the end and part
  From that we love. Ah me, the painful smart
Most breaks my heart. It seems a mighty sin.
No more, no more,----the truths of flying time!
  An end must always come, an end, the end;----
    The words are footsteps in a vacant room,
That send a shuddering echo of their crime,
  They give no future hope they can defend.
    The sorry trade, the doleful trade of gloom!

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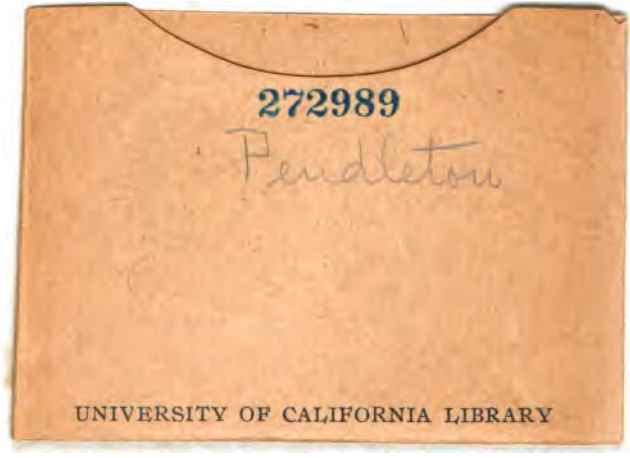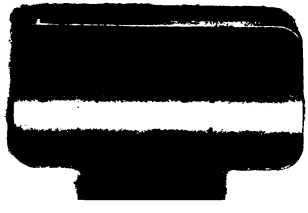
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